

# Good Morning

98

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

This is Station  
H·A·Z·E·L  
calling P.O. Tel.  
Sydney Ellin

## COWBOY KETCHELL WIPED THE MOCKERY FROM JOHNSON'S FACE

JIM JEFFRIES was one of the giants of the ring. He defeated the best heavy-weights of his day, won the world's championship from Bob Fitzsimmons in 1899, and retired in 1904 with the rare distinction of never having been beaten.

What a pity it was he was never allowed to preserve that distinction. Very few champions have been content to rest on their laurels.

Jeffries would most surely have been the exception to this rule but for the insistent clamour of the multitude of mud-slingers who wanted somebody, anybody, so long as he could be described as a white man, to dethrone Jack Johnson.

Before becoming America's leading heavy-weight, big Jim Jeffries was a boiler-maker. He was a splendid specimen of strong fighting man, 6ft. 1 1/2 in., well proportioned, and weighing at his best nearly 16st. He invested his ring earnings in a farm, and was quite happy in his retirement.

### THE CLAMOUR FOR JEFFRIES' RETURN.

It was Jack London, the American author of "Call of the Wild" stories, who started the clamour for the return of the old boiler-maker. Writing from the ringside at Sydney when reporting the Johnson-Burns fight, London addressed himself to the old champion thus:—

"Jim Jeffries, you will have to come away from your alfalfa ranch and wipe that golden smile from Johnson's face. There is no other man who can possibly do the trick, and, Jeff, it's up to you."

This call was immediately taken up by tin-pan alley merchants everywhere and poor old Jeffries was given no respite. When the feverish search for a man capable of beating Johnson was being made, tempting offers were held out to Jeffries to return to the ring, but the old champion refused.

### STANLEY KETCHELL.

Then Stanley Ketchell, a former cowboy, who had outgrown the middle-weight division, tried to succeed where Burns and others had failed. Ketchell, whose real name was Stanislaus Kiecal, was born of Polish parents at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and became world's middle-weight champion just before he met Johnson.

His terrific right-hand punch earned him the title of "The Assassin," and no man of his weight could stand up to his punching for long. But he weighed at most a trifle under 12st., which meant that he was conceding more than 3st. to Johnson, as well as being handicapped in height and reach.

Yet, surprising as it may seem now, there were many people who thought Ketchell would be quite capable of beating the negro. Colour was lent to this belief by the reports that Johnson had not exerted himself in training.

But Johnson was fit enough when he took the ring against Ketchell, and grinned gleefully

when his appearance was greeted with hoots, hisses, and every variety of insulting catcall. It might have been to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" for all the worry it caused Johnson.

### KETCHELL PLAYS INTO JOHNSON'S HANDS.

From the start Ketchell played right into Johnson's hands. He attacked and carried the fight to the negro, which was just what Johnson wanted him to do. With the greatest of ease Johnson blocked and parried the most vicious pile-drivers that would have knocked many another clean out of the ring, and he punished his man with that murderous uppercut which was the most formidable weapon in his armoury.



JIM JEFFRIES.

Ketchell was game, and stuck doggedly to his hopeless task. His many floundering misses, due to the dexterity with which the negro dodged them, never once made him lose hope of landing that famous right swing. He was floored in the third round, and was dazed and bleeding when he regained his feet, but still continued to carry the fight to the negro. In the fourth round he slipped and fell with the force of his own punches four times as Johnson danced out of the way. Yet his stamina was astonishing, and he kept plugging away, taunted to desperate efforts by the mocking smile of the negro.

In the sixth and seventh rounds the cowboy nearly toppled through the ropes with the force he put behind the swings that missed their mark. Just to vary the procedure, Johnson rushed his rival and floored him twice without striking a blow. Then he would madden the howling crowd still further by smiling over his shoulder, as much as to say, "See how easily it is done."

Ketchell had taken terrific punishment, and the crowd marvelled at such pluck and pertinacity. His indomitable spirit was shown at its highest in the tenth round, when he rushed Johnson all over the ring, and burst blood-vessels must have resulted

from the frantic cheering that broke out as Ketchell landed a vicious right hook to the body.

They came to grips, and, as if merely to demonstrate his enormous strength, Johnson lifted his twelve-stone opponent with one arm and carried him back to the centre of the ring. Even so, it was obvious that Johnson felt the effects of that hook, for he then cut loose and gave the cowboy all he had with both hands. How on earth Ketchell managed to last out that round was known only to himself.

Fitness, due to clean living and conscientious training, enabled Ketchell to make an extraordinary recovery during that short minute's breather. He came up for the eleventh round with amazing energy and threw himself recklessly at his big opponent, who ducked, blocked and side-stepped the flying gloves, which might have been charged with dynamite, such was the force behind them.

### KETCHELL MAKES HIS LAST THROW.

It was do or die for Stanley. He just wouldn't be denied. The very fierceness of his onslaught brought its reward. He landed a terrific right swing high up on the jaw. A few inches lower and the miracle might have been achieved. The force of this punch was such that it immediately raised a huge lump on Johnson's face. That mocking smile had been wiped off at last. Johnson reeled as Ketchell again swung with his right; then he lashed out with both hands and charged the cowboy to the boards. He managed to regain his feet and last out the remainder of the round.

Ketchell opened the twelfth round as he had done the previous round by wading into the negro like a tornado. No standing in the centre of the ring to spar. He rushed with such velocity that he was into Johnson's corner by the time the negro left his stool. Johnson could neither duck, slip nor side-slip, but he clinched, and then broke clear to make use of the ring, but he was not quick enough. Ketchell leapt at him with his right swing. Johnson ducked, but not enough, and the blow landed behind the ear. He stumbled forward and fell on his head. Johnson floored. The huge crowd went frantic as Ketchell stepped back, as if amazed himself at such a happening.

### JOHNSON RECOVERS AND K.O.s KETCHELL.

Johnson looked dazed as he rose slowly, but the instant Ketchell moved to follow up, the negro leapt in with a smashing right to the jaw and brought his left up to the solar plexus. Stanley tottered like a tree about to crash, bang came Johnson's right clean on the unprotected jaw, and down went Ketchell in a heap. As he fell, Johnson pitched right across his opponent's inert body. The negro jumped up and made straight for the ropes, where he hung in a dazed, almost unconscious, condition.

Still, he was on his feet whilst Ketchell was on his back, where he remained until carried, still unconscious, to his corner.

It was a close shave for Johnson, who afterwards said that Ketchell's punch which floored him in that last round was the hardest blow he had taken in his life.

### JEFFRIES CLAMOUR RENEWED.

After Johnson had beaten Ketchell it was agreed that it was useless to attempt to find anyone to meet the negro other than the great old undefeated champion, Jim Jeffries. The clamour for his return to the ring rang out afresh, and Jack London's exhortation was quoted by many newspapers. Jeffries was told in no uncertain manner that he owed it as a duty to the white race (how absurd!) to make a "come-back" in order to remove that arrogant piece of blackness from the pugilistic throne.

Poor old Jeff! He only wanted to be left alone, but at last he reluctantly agreed, and in next to no time he had signed articles for the fight with Johnson, which I will recount at our next séance.

## PERPLEXED

(The guy whose girl had a dual personality)

What a problem to set for a man,  
To satisfy Eve or please Ann.  
Ye gods! It's a teaser.  
Kiss Ann—but don't squeeze her;  
For Eve—do the darndest you can.

Such a problem I never foresaw, so  
To have brains in my head or my torso,  
Will be my decision,  
With lightning precision.  
Oh boy! . . . What a joy!  
No remorse-oh.

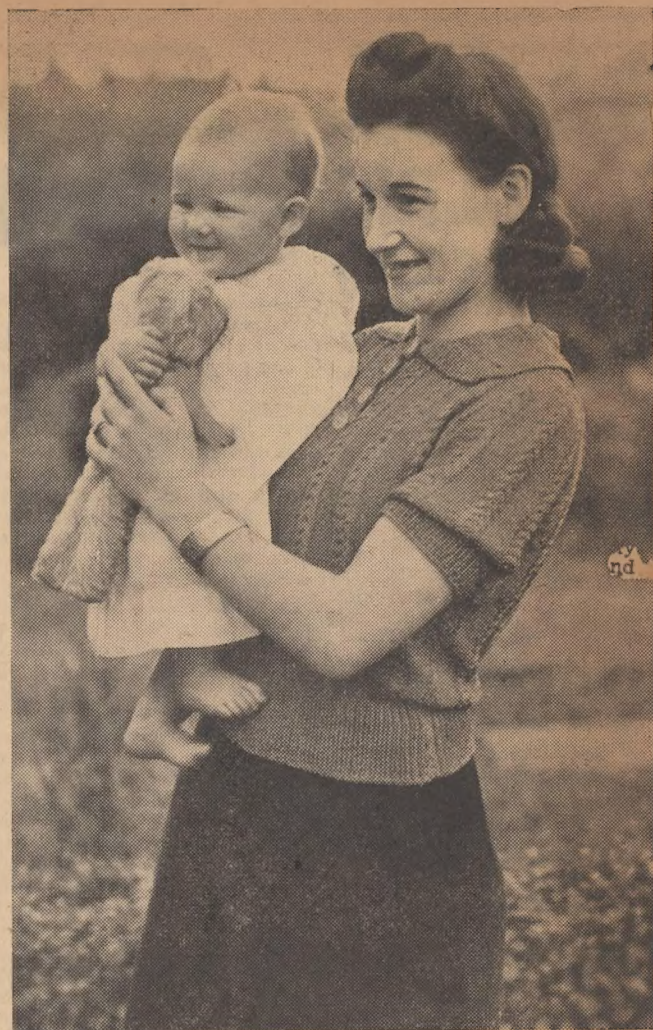
But then, of course, Eve would be Ann,  
And bang would go my cutest plan.  
Then Ann would be Eve,  
With a card up her sleeve,  
To lead me believe  
The Ann-man could leave  
To make way for the knave  
Who had replaced the slave  
Of Ann. What a wave  
Of confusion you'd cause.  
Not a moment for breath  
Could I pause.  
I'll admit 'twould be thrilling,  
But, lummy . . . near killing  
And yet, I'd be willing,  
Of course.

I'm a twin,  
So I'd win  
At mixed doubles.  
At baseline and volley I'd play.  
Question is: Would it reduce troubles,  
Or work out the opposite way?

As things are now, life's quite dandy,  
And I, for one, am O.K.  
Let's keep "How to Live" always handy.  
Needn't read it, of course,  
The right way.

Which just proves what a quartette we've started,  
Ann and Eve, Dr. Jekyll and Hyde.  
Great Scott, and the Souls of Departed,  
Please save us, ere we "take a ride."

AL MALE.



## She goes best in reverse?

REMEMBER the story of the "goofy" bird? It flies backwards because it isn't interested in where it is going, but likes to see where it has been. Well, Hazel, 8-months-old daughter of P.O. Tel. Sydney Ellin, whose home is in Southey Hall Drive, Sheffield, is like that.

Cute kid. She keeps trying to walk, but when she finds she can't manage it she descends into a crawl, and finds she can get along best by moving back-

wards—and can she put on speed? This and a few other tricks Hazel has up her sleeve, will surely delight Sydney when he sees her again. His wife, Stella, will be glad to see him, too. She is now living at Sydney's home, after leaving her home town of London, and she appreciates the change so much that she hopes to settle in Sheffield.

Since she came with Ma, three months ago, she has put on a stone in weight—thanks to Ma's Yorkshire pudding and her pies.

All are happy and well, including Sydney's brother, John, a sergeant in the Engineers, and Bernard, a L.A.C. in the R.A.F. Ma is so proud of her trio that she has a snapshot of each pasted on a mount all in one frame, with Service badges underneath.

Hazel has learnt to say "Daddy" and "Mummy."

Stella is glad that Sydney managed to remember her 22nd birthday. It was always a problem for him, but she points out that it was on July 16th and not the 23rd., which Sydney remembered. "But," she says, "What's the matter of a few days in war-time? All that matters is that he did remember I had a birthday."

Stella's brother Alec, a telegraphist like Sydney—they passed their examinations together—is going on fine. Sydney will remember when Alec took him home as pillion rider on his motor bike about five years ago. That was when Sydney first met Stella. Happy days, and Stella thinks of them all.

Men are but children of a larger growth.  
John Dryden  
(1631-1701).

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore.  
Isaac Newton  
(1642-1727).

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colours that are but skin deep.  
Mathew Henry  
(1662-1714).



Periscope  
PageWANGLING  
WORDS—60

Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after the letters CO, and make a word.

Mix the letters of SOME TRAM to make a monkey. Change REST into CURE, using one letter at a time, making a new word with alteration.

Change in the same way: S into THAT, COON into G. LATE into NEWS.

How many four-letter and letter words can you make from the word TELEPHONE?

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 59

ANTICIPANT.  
FOLKESTONE.

WHAT, THAT, TEAT, T, NEXT.

OG, DOG, DON, SON, SUN, HOW, SLOW, BLOW, T, BOOT, BOAT.

UST, MIST, CIST, COST, T, DOLT, DONT, WONT.

Lyre, Real, Bone, Bane, e, Lane, Lean, Mane, Mean, e, Bony, Moan, Lame, Meal, e, Bore, Bear, Role, Lore,

ame, Blare, Rebel, Beryl, y Melon, Leman, Lemon, e, Mayor, Rayon, Royal, n, Learn, Early, Layer, be, etc.

QUIZ  
for today

What is a vespiary?

Who wrote (a) "The Path Rome," (b) "The Path-er"?

Which of the following is "intruder," and why: nod, Wagner, Beethoven, ens, Handel, Byrd?

How much money in cop-is legal tender in England? Where are the Pillars of rules?

What is a poltergeist?

What does apodal mean?

What is (a) the lightest, the heaviest, known atom?

St. Paul's Cathedral, Lon-is not the first to be built at that site. How many have been altogether?

Write down the figures 1 to 9 in their correct er, so that they total 100.

In what year did Wolfe Quebec?

When and where was the penny-in-the-slot machine called at a British railway on?

Answers to Quiz

in No. 97

(a) a weight, (b) a leopard-animal found in Asia.

(a) Frank Norris, (b) ar Allan Poe.

The oboe is a wind instrut; the others are stringed.

When it is at its most dis-point from the earth.

A village in Yorkshire.

8 stone.

Introduced from a foreign ntry.

It came from the Holy d, and was originally "holy," or holy mallow.

A negro teller of animal s, written by Joel C. Harris.

D. Thermometer.

end your—

Stories, Jokes

and ideas

to the Editor



STILL, however, the behaviour of the islanders towards me was as kind as ever. Fayaway was quite as engaging; Kory-Kory as devoted; and Mehevi the king just as gracious and condescending as before. But I had now been three months in their valley, as nearly as I could estimate; I had grown familiar with the narrow limits to which my wanderings had been confined; and I began bitterly to feel the state of captivity in which I was held.

There was no one with whom I could freely converse; no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts; no one who could sympathise with my sufferings. A thousand times I thought how much more endurable would have been my lot had Toby still been with me. But I was left alone, and the thought was terrible to me. Still, despite my griefs, I did all in my power to appear composed and cheerful, well knowing that by manifesting any uneasiness, or any desire to escape, I should only frustrate my object.

I have already mentioned, that from the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence.

But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which from their remarkable appearance had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this.

One day, returning unexpectedly, my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were, for some purpose or other, under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded.

Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken.

One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head, in the same way that the individual had worn them during life.

The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes—filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the centre—heightened the hideousness of its aspect.

Two of the three were heads of the islanders; but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken.

But before I had recovered from the consternation into which I had

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

been thrown, the fatal packages were hoisted aloft and once more swung over my head. The natives now gathered round me tumultuously, and laboured to convince me that what I had just seen were the heads of three Happar warriors, who had been slain in battle. This glaring falsehood added to my alarm, and it was not until I reflected that I had observed the packages swinging from their elevation before Toby's disappearance, that I could at all recover my composure.

## MIXED DOUBLES

Two more games, two more things connected with them.

(a) CARRY THE GREAT.

(b) SOCCER KIT, LASS.

(Answers on Page 3)

But although this horrible apprehension had been dispelled, I had discovered enough to fill me, in my present state of mind, with the most bitter reflections. It was plain that I had seen the last relic of some unfortunate wretch, who must have been massacred on the beach by the savages, in one of those perilous trading adventures which I have before described.

It was not, however, alone the murder of the stranger that overcame me with gloom. I shuddered at the idea of the subsequent fate his inanimate body might have met with. Was the same doom reserved for me?

Although the assurances which the Types had often given me, that they never ate human flesh, had not convinced me that such was the case, yet, having been so long a time in the valley without witnessing anything which indicated the existence of the practice, I began to hope that it was an event of very rare occurrence, and that I should be spared the horror of witnessing it during my stay among them: but, alas! these hopes were soon destroyed.

It is a singular fact, that in all our accounts of cannibal tribes we have seldom received the testimony of an eye-witness to the revolting practice. The horrible conclusion has almost always been derived either from the second-evidence of Europeans, or else from the admissions of the savages themselves, after they have in some degree become civilised.

The Polynesians are aware of the detestation in which Europeans

hold this custom, and therefore invariably deny its existence, and, with the craft peculiar to savages, endeavour to conceal every trace of it.

About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages, I happened to be at the Ti, when another war-alarm was sounded, and the natives, rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist a second incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains during the time that the skirmish lasted.

An hour or two after its termination, loud pœans chanted through the valley announced the approach of the victors. I stood with Kory-Kory, leaning against the railing of the pi-pi, awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamours from the neighbouring groves.

In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length, extending from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly plucked palm-leaves, tacked together with slivers of bamboo.

Here and there upon these green winding-sheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and the clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in dry patches around it. The savage seemed to be sinking under the weight he bore.

The bright tattooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in PLURAL, so not in SINGULAR.

My second's in ICELAND, and not in PONT-DU-FAHS.

My third is in BATTERY, not ASSAULT.

My fourth is in MISFIRE, not in FAULT.

My fifth is in HOTSPUR, yet not THE VILLA.

My sixth is in TUGBOAT, and not FLOTILLA.

My seventh's not in RADIO, but LOCATION.

My eighth is in MAKESHIFT, and not VOCATION.

(Answer on Page 3)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



## RIVER LAUNDRY.

Which is the more intent, me or my Mammy, in this Dutch East Indies scene, where the water is soft and warm and the sun shines most of the year, and Mammy does her mending and examination of the family wash all in the open air? The only "civilised" item is the bucket parked on the tree fork. And even the fish are a bit lazy and don't seem to bite.

around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him.

The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

These four individuals, having been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honour of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti. Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me.

The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation.

This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happers, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foes beyond the summit of the mountain.

When within a short distance of the Ti, the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmonee, tottered forward two or three steps, and fell helplessly to the ground; but not before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder, and placed it upon his own.

The excited throng of islanders who surrounded the person of the

king and the dead bodies of the enemy, approached the spot where I stood, brandishing their rude implements of warfare, many of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of triumph.

When the crowd drew up opposite the Ti, I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner.

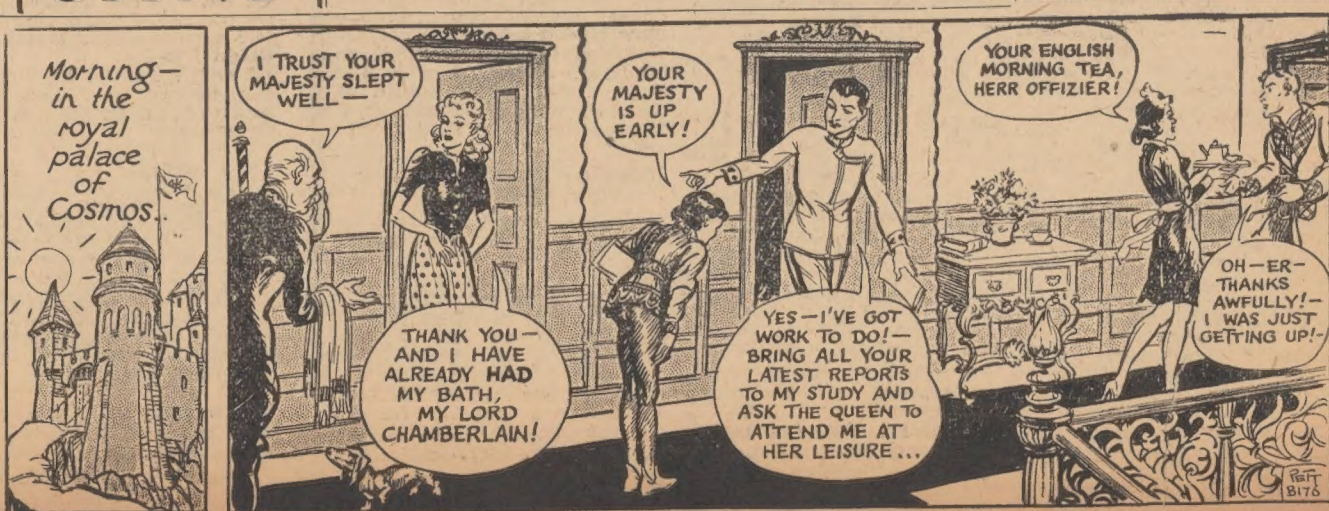
Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retreating before him, as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a

Continued on Page 3.

## Who is it?

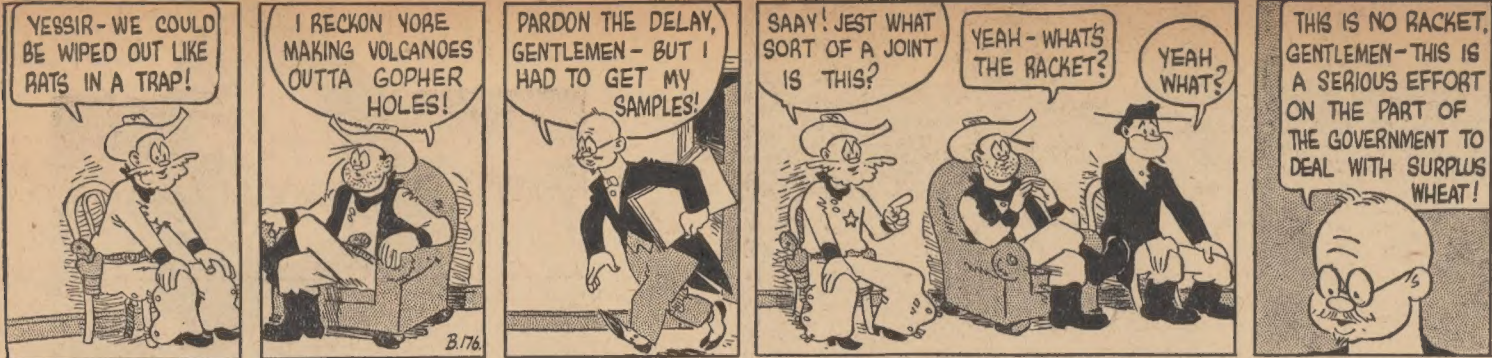
She is a Companion of the British Empire, and has a top note that must be the envy of more serious songsters. Comes from up North. Can play the fool with her voice as no one else can. Has an affection for large aspidistras. Also pudding basins. Runs a convalescent home for children. When next you see her, ask for "Sally." Who is she? (Answer on Page 3)

## JANE





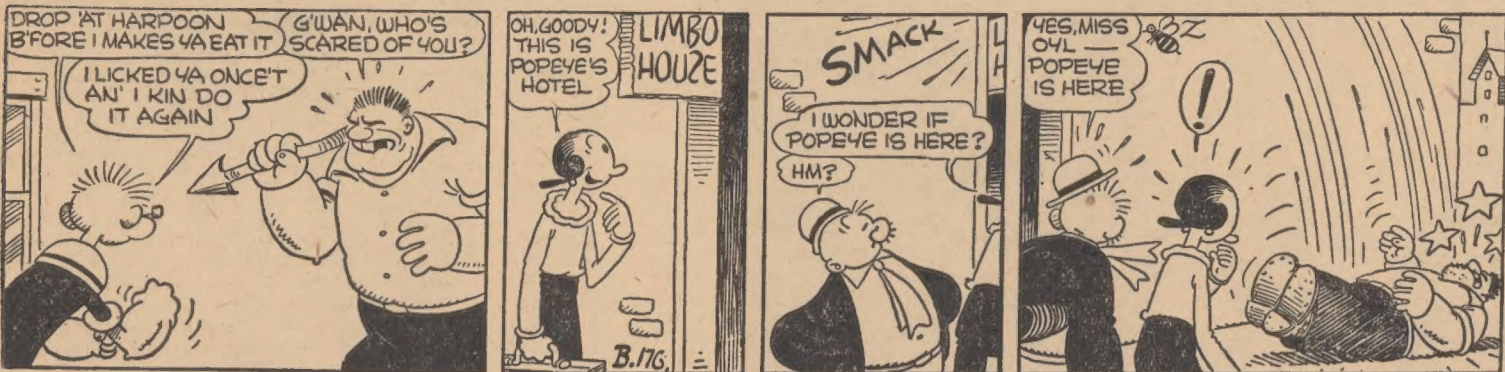
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



THEY SAY-  
WHAT DO YOU  
SAY?

**THE SCIENTIST.**  
YOUNGER scientists are becoming conscious that intellectually and practically the scientist has a contribution to make to the Government no less important than the contributions of the administrator, the economist, and the sociologist, and that it is only by co-ordinating on an equal footing the best brains and leadership in these different categories that a balanced Government, able to cope with the problems of the present and to plan for the future, can be achieved.  
R. G. W. Norrish (University Chemical Laboratory, Cambridge).

**DEPOPULATION.**  
WHEN it is brought home to the people that our population is progressively failing through want of replenishment, and that periodic reproduction is for them healthy and happy way of life, they will need the need if the community on its part has care for social insurance, family allowances, houses suitable and at reasonable cost, free schools, health and educational services, thus preserving parental responsibility, and out loading it with burdensome anxieties.  
Lord Dawson of Penryn.

**FAITH.**  
THE decay of faith is a world-wide phenomenon; it has been slowly and steadily taking shape over a long period. It has been estimated that 10 per cent. of the population are sincerely attached to the Christian religion, 30 per cent. are kindly disposed to it, 50 per cent. are totally indifferent to it, and 10 per cent. are actively hostile to it. Ignorance is the enemy No. 1.  
Bishop of Chelmsford.

**THE IDEAL TOWN.**  
THERE is no such thing as a town of ideal size for all purposes. In an ordered community there should be a great city, which can be very convenient if properly designed, a small village, which may also have its own justification, and for innumerable intermediate grades of township. Some of the most notorious examples of congested towns are to be found in the smaller towns.  
A. Trystan Edwards.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10					11		
12					13	14		
15				16				
17			18			19	20	
	21	22						
23	24					25	26	
		27			28			
29	30			31				
32			33					
34					35			

**CLUES DOWN.**  
2 Blazing. 3 Exaggerate. 4 Fodder rack. 5 Bowler. 6 Regain. 7 Adversary. 8 Catching rope. 9 Newt. 12 Numbers of rupees. 14 Control. 16 Choose moment for. 18 Requires. 19 Odd. 20 Red. 22 Fine fabric. 24 Weave. 26 Sequence. 28 Bathing place. 29 Nonsense. 30 Annoy. 31 Woven fabric.

**CLUES ACROSS.**  
1 Dry up. 6 Weapon. 10 Horse's food. 11 Lout. 12 Restrict. 13 Top of ridge. 15 Asiatic. 16 Pedal member. 17 Know. 18 Dividing number. 21 Mild. 23 Ship. 25 Straight stick. 27 Ill-bred person. 28 Fat. 29 Rend asunder. 31 Gust. 32 Unity. 33 Sprinkle. 34 One of the U.S.A. 35 South Africans.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

WAFT SPRAWL  
ALIEN RADII  
DINGO ATOLL  
EVA BAT PET  
RELY CENTS  
S AMUSE C  
PIPIT WAVE  
TOR DEW RIM  
AWARD OBESE  
METAL NINON  
PREYED DART

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful ex-

pression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount. I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages

were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they were determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual commiseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely environed the Ti, I looked with fearful curiosity at the

three packages, which now were deposited upon the ground; but although I had no doubt as to their contents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body. The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, assured me that the savages were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity. Although I did not anticipate a

compliance with my request, still, with a view of testing the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to Kory-Kory that, according to our usual custom in the morning, we should take a stroll to the Ti; he positively refused; and when I renewed the request, he evinced his determination to prevent my going there; and, to divert my mind from the subject, he offered to accompany me to the stream. We accordingly went, and bathed. On our coming back to the house I was surprised to find that all its

inmates had returned, and were lounging upon the mats as usual, although the drums still sounded from the groves. Continued to-morrow.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.  
(a) ARCHERY & TARGET.  
(b) LACROSSE & STICK.

Answer to WHO IS IT?  
GRACIE FIELDS.

Solution to Allied Ports.  
PLYMOUTH.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## ★ This England ★

A scene on the Norfolk Broads, that playground for those who love sailing, yet cannot indulge in it except on holiday. To the sea-going sailor the Broads may be mill-ponds, but to the holiday-maker yachtsman they are brimful of thrills.

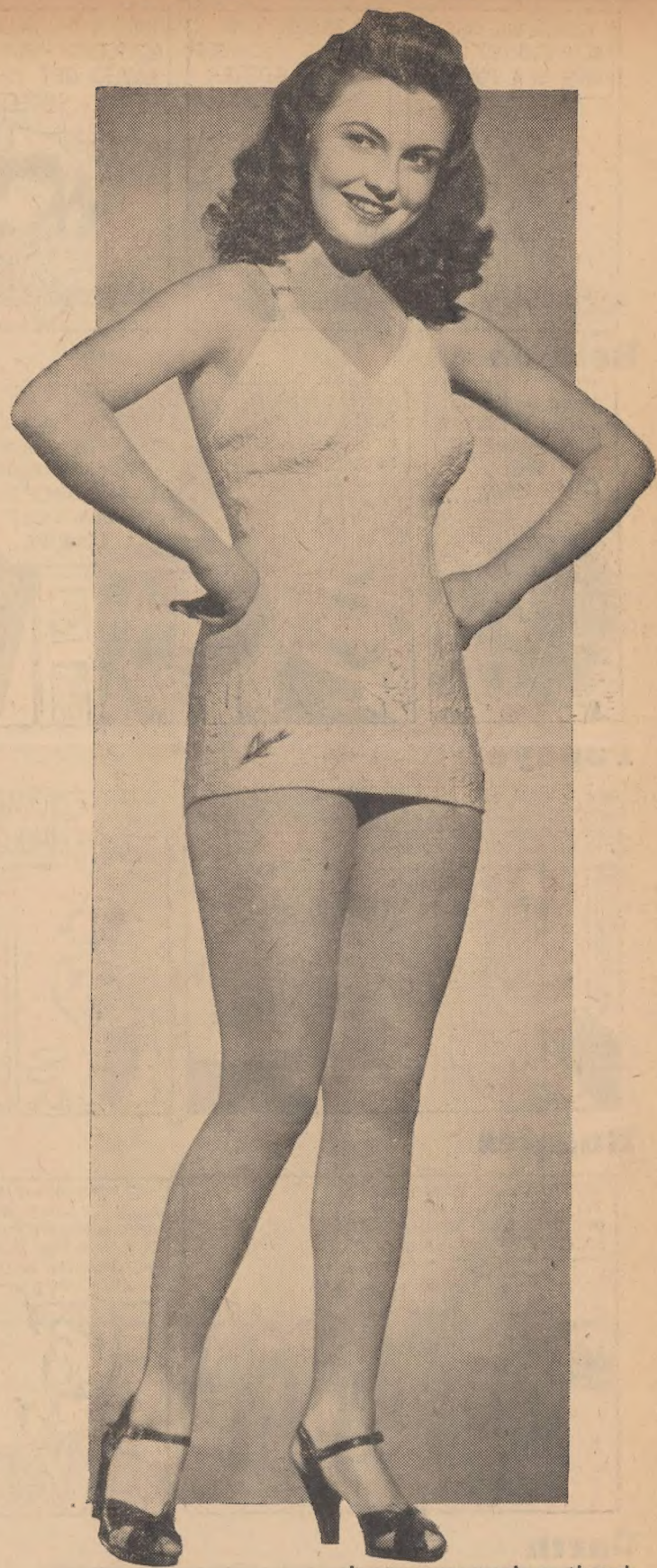
"Coo-er. This little pig went to . . . Oh, wasn't that submariner who spoke to nurse, a lovely boy, and didn't she blush?"

"Google, Google. When I grow up I'm going to be a nurse. Don't we see some smashing chaps? And don't they say some saucy things?"



"Say, what the heck? Scared to leave yer shell, or is it that the housing shortage has got you, or maybe you think I'm food-hunting? Whatever it is, you needn't worry. I don't know that I fancy you, just yet."

# SEZ YOU!



Looks very much as though someone has tried to tell Joan Leslie, of Warner Bros., a new one. Looks also as though the guy has failed.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Chicken-food is indicated boys."

